

Anderson College Art and Literary Magazine 2003

Saturday Night

The hours drift by as city lights fade,
The radio singing stories of lives we'd never lead
Running yellow lights we passed the time,
And wished the road didn't end at the edge of town.

The radio's stories of lives we won't lead play
As wheels beneath us spin out a rhythm
Wishing the road went on past the edge of town.
We drive back and forth hoping the path will change.

The tires spin a rhythm on the road.
Passing abandoned buildings that litter downtown streets
We hope for a different ending each round we make,
Young and bored with nowhere to go.

Through downtown streets littered with abandoned buildings
Running yellow lights we passed the time
The radio singing stories of lives I won't live.
The hours drift by as city lights fade.

Jeff Massey



Tata
Evan Bugg
22" x 28"
Oil on Canvas

Mama's Teapot

Pristine, white,
its gentle curves
soothe my spirit,
appeal to the artist in me.
Open to air and sunshine,
it fills a hallowed spot in the room.
Inherited from one as inflexible
as the material from which it is made,
she hid behind tears that fell readily,
enough to fill the pot and more.

Lacking the gracefulness that describes
this simple pot, and
hardened with a fear that misshaped
her tender years,
she was filled with a love
she could not pour out
in ways that satisfied her soul,
— or quenched her thirst.

Margaret Hayes

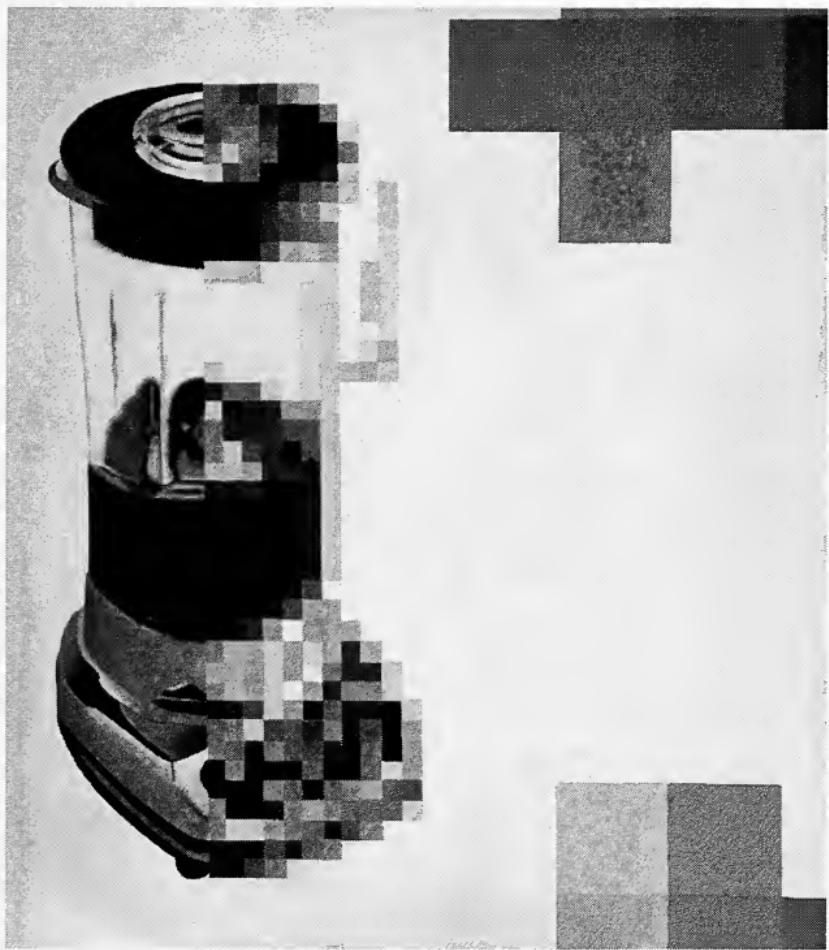
HAIKU

In the summer heat,
old mushrooms hidden in grass,
become dried sculptures.

Two Yellow Finches,
gorging on sunflower seeds —
practiced pillagers.

Bare, snow-sprinkled trees
framed by window edged in black,
Japanese painting.

Margaret Hayes



Blender
Jonathan Tribble
28" x 32"
Oil on Canvas

To be free from propaganda
Is the biggest human freedom.
Human thought starts endless wonder
Through the stars of Father's kingdom.

I was lucky, I was let be.
For the answers on my questions
I was looking deep inside me,
And provoking two-side tension.

From the outside-proud pity
Trying to defend existence
Of disastrous cold of cities
And production's truth resistance.

And inside I've got the answers,
That inspire me with power,
Open up my knowledge sensors
Just like in drought blooms a little flower.

I don't know which way is truthful,
But I choose the one that chose me.
What I'll do if I love sun, and
Prefer poetry to prosing?

March 2002

Kamila Bobrova

The Album

The book opens with a cracking spine,
pages spew gray clouds into the air
like ghosts, rising from the grave,
The thick air weighing on my tongue.

Pages spew gray clouds into the air,
the smell of years past now revisited
the thick air weighing on my tongue,
making me think of times never ending.

The smell of years past, now revisited.
Young faces made immortal even in death,
making me think of times never ending,
childless mothers and three-year-old soldiers.

Young faces made immortal even in death.
That book opens with cracking spine.
Childless mothers and three-year-old soldiers,
like ghosts rising from the grave.

Aaron Archibald

Grandpa's Palm

Sundays too my grandpa got up early
and put his tools on in the moonlit shed,
then with black hands, bruised
from labor in the midday harvest, made
palmed trees bleed. Mama never stopped him.

I'd wake and hear wine trunks trickling, streaming.
When clay jars were full, he'd call,
and quickly I would rise and dress,
ducking daily duties at the house,

Listening reverently to him,
who whistled to the palm's beat
and reveled his folk tales to tell.
What did he know, what did he know
of time, etched indelibly on his hands?

Adaobi Ezeokoli



Untitled
Chris Bailey
22" x 18"
Pen

A Parkinson's Portrait

Who Am I?

I am forgetful — What's my name?

Who are you?

Is it tomorrow or yesterday?

I am slow — Wait for me.

Don't rush me.

May I freeze?

I am jumpy —

Shall I spill my coffee on you?

Give me something to stir.

Please don't ask to cut up my meat.

I look scary —

Go ahead, look shocked.

I'd be shocked too,

if I had to look at me.

Find me some kids to scare.

I am morose — Cheer me up.

Tell me a joke.

Take off my mask.

Take off yours.

I am impotent —

What can I do about it?

Go to bed with me

So you can turn me over.

It's up to you, girls.

I am old —

71 next deathday, or is it 12?

Backward, turn backward,

O time in your flight.

Make me a monkey again,

Just for tonight.

I am medicated —

Where's my fix?

Sinemet, I love you.

I'm just a Parlodel junky.

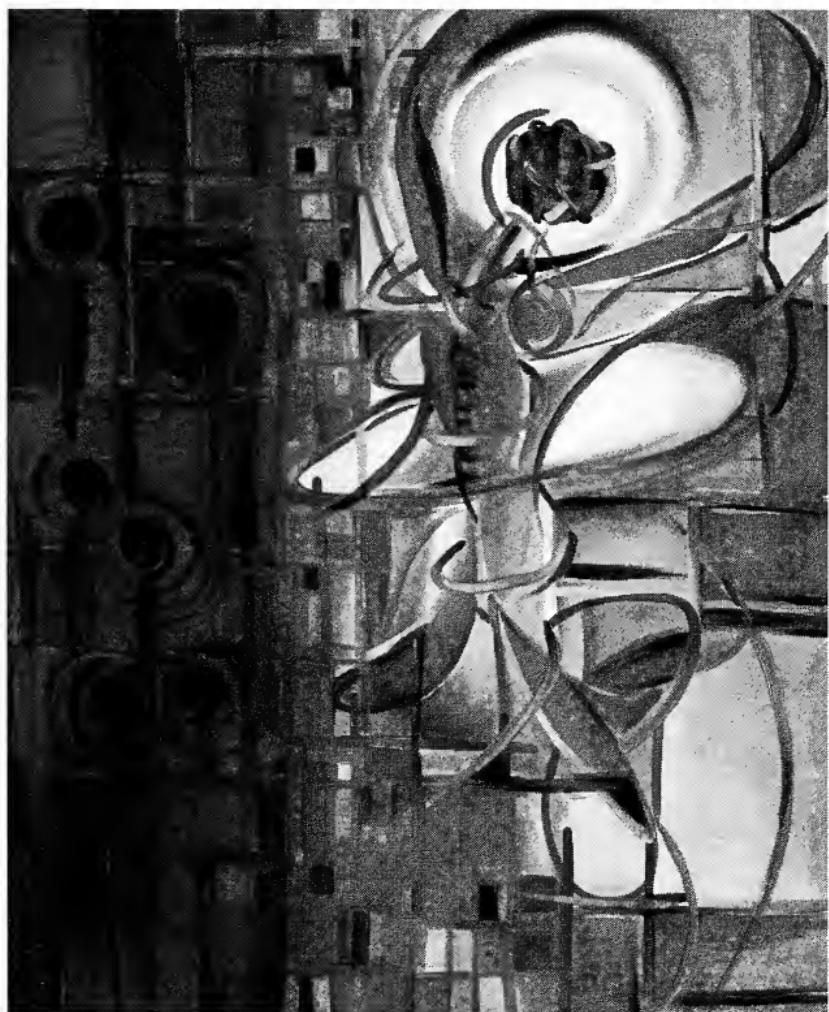
I AM FRIENDLY — Feel me!

Hug me!

No A — frame hug,

But belly to belly!

Who am I? Damn you, James Parkinson. If it wasn't for you,
I'd be safe in a nice cell, in a straight jacket,
Where sometimes I feel I belong.



Untitled
Rachel Warren
28" x 34"
Oil on Canvas



Self Bust
Jason Johnson
12"
Clay



Self Bust
Alley Parnell
12"
Clay

Death of a Box Turtle

Hollow turtle shell,
inside open without shame
to the sun,
and the rain,
and even me —
who found you on the ridge
looking like a cup
waiting to be filled.

Left with only the bony remnants
of your former self,
you knew life intimately,
living close to the soil,
caressed by grass,
comforted by sun,
nourished by rain.

An accident, I'm sure,
turned you up just so,
(one doesn't give up easily) —
and then you surrendered in surprise,
as do shells from the sea,
and as even must I,
to what will be the journey's end
for all of us.

Margaret Hayes



Untitled
Theresa O'Rourke
5" x 7"
Black and White Photograph

Pilgrimage

Who are these pilgrims stomping through Provence?
Don't they know that stone lips never kiss,
That no echo of faith still hangs in the air?
That now cats eat Mass on crumbling altars?

But lo! Hear the booming bourdons
Cutting through the dusty air!
Nimble voices and fingers untie
To praise God everywhere!

Bill Bridges

Bill Bridges was a faculty member of the music department at Anderson College from 1964-1991. He passed away in February of 2003.

The rays of sun will whisper gently:
Wake up, wake up, new day is waiting!
Don't miss these early hours sleeping —
Most precious moments morning's giving.
The smell of flowers is so teasing ...
I'm falling into sea of dreaming.
My heart feels weightless when I'm stretching
And makes me sigh-Life is Amazing!
I'm looking up above the skyline
And thoughts are soaring in warm air.
My gorgeous home, my kyrgyz mountains,
Oh, how I miss you when I'm here!

April 2002

Kamila Bobrova

Summer's Child

A big bullfrog croaks
splashing across the cool creek,
small bare feet follow.

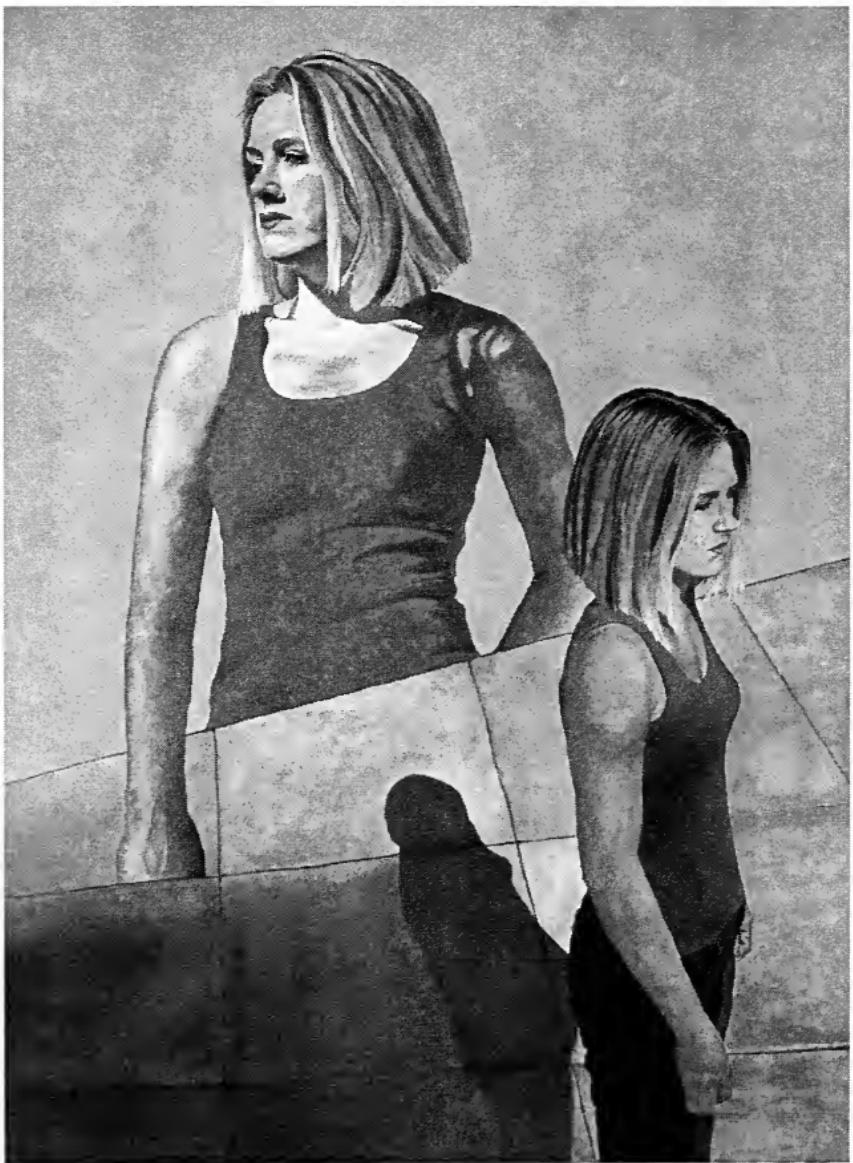
Jennifer Rose Keel

The Fourteenth

I make my last handshake of the day
with my office doorknob
and battle to the nearest flower shop,
racing against the countless other determined men.

Securing the first bunch I see,
I lead the line of men
swiping a plastic card for a scentless trophy:
A dozen perfections
impaled on twelve crude sticks.

Elizabeth Aaron



Self Portrait
Lauren Legget
34" x 46"
Oil on Canvas

Alice

Alice wake up! You're falling again.
You spoke and shouted unruly things
Riddles of talking Cheshire Cats
A queen and king that ruled you out.

You spoke and shouted unruly things
A rabbit late for tea with men?
The queen and king that ruled you out,
What did you do to make them shout?

A rabbit late for tea with men,
Is this what brought the state you're in?
What did you do to make them shout?
Reason? Logic? Or lack within?

Is this what brought the state you're in?
Riddles of talking Cheshire Cats.
Reason, logic, and lack within ...
Wake up Alice! You're falling again.

LeAnne Gray

Three Haiku

Dragonflies linger,
Rapidly thrashing their wings
They slide on the water.

Rain falls silently,
Tap-dancing on the surface
Of a glass skylight.

Purple roses sprout
Horizons of lavender
In white baby's breath.

Jessica Gregory

She Danced By

Autumn of childhood,
her well-placed bun fallen,
dust covers her like a bottle forgotten.
As dew moistened pines creak, night comes,
she must leave. Cool amber lamps of night posted.

I'd wait and watch those night lamps usher twilight in sneaking, whispering . . .
When the fall breeze hastened, she'd quiver,
and in the gray sunset I would stand and listen,
hearing distant melodies of fading jazz.

Parting reluctantly from her,
who had shown winter's chill approaching
and nature's slumbering face bowed.
Did we feel, did we know the last dance?

Adam Foster

Mykonos

Night dew teases her frilled petticoat
Sun runs gentle fingers through her hair
As Diana picks early morning lilies —
Gandhi sits at the field's edge
Feet crossed, back to the setting sun
Adding final touches to Theresa's robe —
Harriet Tubman whispers to them
The river bank her respite
A curious butterfly trapped in her lace hem.
In Mykonos the roads are red brick
Brazen under the sun's glare
Kennedy and King Jr.
Play the lyre and harp
And Mykonian angels dance.

Adaobi Ezeokoli

Remnants of A Life

The nail's point was sharp,
Like the edge of an icicle,
It sparked the memory of the
Nails hammered into the
Fibers of the oak bed frame.

The hands of the clock moved
Across its face like the arms
Of the windmill blowing on
The land of her father's farm,
Slowly, quietly — never stopping.

The viola found on the dresser,
Its neck slender, like the neck
Of the wine bottle found on the
Kitchen counter, vacant from
The thirst of an angry man.

Jessica Gregory



Journey of Anticipation
Tracy West
72" x 76"
Oil and Acrylic on Fabric



Self Portrait

Brian Burrell

32"x40"

Oil on Canvas

Ivy Leaves Staff

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Cover Design

Sarah Colson

The cover design is based upon the definitions of expression. I used them as a backdrop for the expressive faces. If you look closely, three words are in color: emotion, expressing, and feeling. This emphasizes words that characterize the five faces. The five faces convey some of the emotions or feelings felt by artists and writers when they compose their work. All forms of art depict an emotion and also create an emotional response from the audience.

Ivy Leaves is a campus publication in which students express themselves. May this book inspire you to express yourself through an art form.

Sarah Colson
Graphic Designer 2003